

THE

OMEN

HAS BEEN INVADED BY
FLYING JELLYFISH
(AND THEIR PHOSPHORESCENT PETS...)

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for the seventh issue in the 28th Volume of the Omen on May the fifth in 2007, the year of our Lord.



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TO SUBMIT:

Submissions are due on alternating Saturdays before 5 P.M. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, FedEx, Pony Express, semaphore, or email. Get your submissions to Jacob Lefton, Merrill B307, Box 0953, jwl04@hampshire.edu

"Jacob Lefton is amazing in bed."
- Lindsay Kaye Barbieri, on Jacob in bed



Front Cover:

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Front Cover Ideas:

Carrie Strimbeck

Back Cover:

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omen.hampshire.edu

THE OMEN

STAFF

Abigail Ohlweiser Resurrecting Christ
Jacob Lefton Mama's Got a Squeeze Box
Christopher Sommer Shaking Hands with the President
Lindsay Barbieri Changing Channels with the Remote
Ellen Dulaney Hanging Out With Chris
Tor Finnau Feeding the Squad
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Shalin Scupham Breaking the Bell
Carrie Strimbeck Crossing The River Jordan

Volume 28 • Issue 7

May 5th, 2007

EDITORIAL

What's Black and White and Red all Over: A Final Fuck You

I put too many people in the bar, and now I'm in a little over my head.

Let me explain. I started to write a joke the other day. It goes like this:

A rabbi, a Frenchman and a panda walk into a bar. The rabbi sees his priest friend at a corner table. "I'll catch you guys later," says the rabbi.

The Frenchman goes to the bathroom [and makes no pun on weel oul]

The panda walks to the counter, orders some fish and chips, and takes out a book.

The Frenchman is peeing at the urinal when a man walks in and stands at the next urinal over. "Mon Dieu!" he says. "This is rude!" He continues to be very pissed off [I swear, no pun intended] until the rude man hits him over the head with a lead pipe.

The panda's food arrives. He eats. He notices two peanuts walking into the door.

Meanwhile, the rabbi tells the priest

a joke. "Right. So a rabbi and a priest are in a car accident. Neither are hurt. They climb out of the wreckage and are sitting on the side of the road totally amazed at what just happened. The priest says, 'this must be a sign from God!'"

The priest [the real one at the bar in my joke, not the one in the joke in the joke] interrupts. "Wait a minute. Priests don't go around willy nilly attributing every stroke of luck to God. What sort of priest are we talking about?"

The Rabbi thinks for a minute. "You know, just some Southern fire and brimstone type."

The priest responds. "So are we talking Baptist or Pentecostal? And shouldn't you be doing an accent then? He's southern, you said."

The Rabbi says "I'm not really that good at accents."

"Well try!" says the priest. "If you're going to tell a joke, you should do it correctly. And it's important that the priest is southern."

"Are you saying that all Southern priests are fire and brimstone?"

"Didn't you imply that first?"

[It is at this point that I realize I have been writing with a British accent I don't know why I did that.]

The panda at the bar flips the page of his book and eats the last bit of fish off his plate. Three men walk into the bar and take their seats next to the two peanuts. One man whispers to the other "aren't those the two peanuts who were here last week?"

"Yeah," says the other guy. "one was assaulted. He looks pretty good considering the black eye he had the next day."

As the priest and the rabbi argue, the Frenchman's limp and unconscious body is loaded into a plane with an Englishman. They are flown to a remote African jungle.

Meanwhile, an American and a Mexican are learning to skydive. They're thousands of feet up in the air and scared shitless. The instructor says, "pretend you're on a secret mission for the good of your country. Think of something to fight for. Last week we had an Englishman and a Frenchman

POLICY

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-monthly publication, established by Stephanie Cole and Scott Tundermann in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion.

Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Leadership Center at 6PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The Omen loves you.



THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



[who, incidentally, are the ones from earlier in the joke] up here for lessons. The Englishman yelled, "God save the Queen," and the Frenchman said "Vive la France!" The American said, "I'll go first." He grabbed the Mexican, threw him out the plane, and yelled, "Remember the Alamo!"

The rabbit has finally continued with his joke. "And so the rabbit says, 'Hey, I have this bottle of wine with me and it's completely unharmed too. We should drink to our good fortune.'"

And then I stopped because I realized that unfunny joke x unfunny joke = long, unfunny joke
I stuck on an ending.

The panda gets up from the bar, picks up a huge machine gun, and kills everyone in the bar except for the bartender who is fatally wounded. The panda stands over the bleeding corpse of the bartender, blood shooting out of his arteries onto the panda's black and white fur. The bartender croaks "whyyyyy?" and the panda wipes the blood from the poor man's eyes as he shows him an entry in an encyclopedia: "Panda: Eats, shoots, and leaves." The bartender is so shocked by the pointlessness of it all that he dies right then and there. He would have lasted another hour or so on his own. The panda walks out of the bar and runs into two old men. The first says "A panda covered in blood!" and the second says "how did you know? I didn't even tell the joke yet!"

Get it? No?

This joke experience is exactly what my four years at Hampshire were like. Except I managed to finish. I drew on a little of everything I could until I couldn't take any more, and then spent

a Div III year trying to make sense of the mess. As you can see, the results are mixed.

I think a need a new hobby.

Hampshire didn't teach me how to learn, and it didn't teach me how to love my work. It didn't boost my ego, and it didn't make me grow up. All of these things, to some degree, happened while I was coincidentally at Hampshire. So what did Hampshire do? It let me grow without pushing me into a mold. It backed off and gave me amazing professors and five libraries at my fingertips, and it encouraged a way of teaching in its faculty that allowed me to express myself in the classroom. As the years went on, I became bitter about all the things Hampshire couldn't do for me. Then, I realized that I could do those things for myself. I just needed a degree first.

Hampshire allowed me to outgrow college. It made me hungry to leave and fight it out in the real world. I was

sure when I entered college that I would apply for grad school for the fall after graduation. I couldn't imagine living without academia. But then I changed my mind: There are other things I want to do, and I need to try those before I jump back into a comfort zone. I don't want grad school – or anything else – to be a safety net while I ignore what I really want. I'm thinking about my own future instead of considering a platter of pre-packaged post-college options. I'd encourage you to do the same.

The best thing that Hampshire taught me was how to rely on myself. I got through high school with Elvis Costello, Kurt Vonnegut, and Bill Hicks. Oh, and pot. I made it to the end of college with the training wheels off and I am so ready to leave this shithole. This wonderful, flawed, dirty shithole. Fuck you, Hampshire, I love you.



FIGHTING WORDS FROM THE DESK OF MR. LEFTON

Dear Readers,

Thank you so much for your enthusiasm and interest in The Omen. Without you, this issue would not be possible. This is the end-of-the-semester-marathon-extravaganza issue.

Why? A whole bunch of people said, "You need to print another issue." They came together and produced more content in two days than we can get in some two week stretches. So, thank you.

This bit is for those of you who think the academics at Hampshire are calcifying and becoming more conservative. I recently discovered a major impetus for that change.

Adelle Simmons came into the college on the heels of the 'Frisbee U' scandal where the papers twisted at

to look like you could get a degree in frisbee. Simmons decided the school needed to be more serious and look like an Ivy League.

All of her hiring decisions were made with that in mind. Her hires are the second generation of Hampshire professors, from the late 70's to early 80's. Many of this generation of professors are very conservative, and they were seen as conservative by the students of that time. Now, while the old guard is retiring, the second generation inhabits many Dean positions and other positions of leadership. Students by ourselves are nearly powerless.

What we need is a president who's willing to take a stand. We need Ralph to start protecting the ideas that brought us here.

Angry Hateful Letters to Mike Doyle

Dear Black Angel Purveyor of Filth (AKA Mr. Doyle),

I just wanted to say that only my unwieldy cache of SSRIs, Antibiotics, immunizations, and facewash has kept me from succumbing to a likely mortal barrage of physical and mental agony, the progeny of your sick and twisted writings. In this ever ascending age of globalization and pandemic terror, you sir (if even worthy of such a respectful title), have willfully and selfishly chosen to act in a gravely dangerous manner towards the rest of the world through the dissemination of your toxically awful and potentially contagious ideas. Right now, they may only be spread by paper to human contact through the retina. However, all it will take is one little mutation before they become airborne and transmittable from human to human through such devices as conversation. I therefore beseech all people who read the articles in question, or believe they may have engaged in unprotected dialogue with Mr. Doyle or one of his readers/close friends-who are possibly now carriers, to seek out immediate quarantined treatment- either that, or inoculate yourself as a precaution for the sake of humankind's future existence. In addition to the immediate withdrawal and destruction of the offending magazines, a pandemic counter-strike force is now urgently requested on the Hampshire college campus and outlying areas. Once Mr. Doyle is safely taken into custody, I will also demanding that a government order be issued warranting a biopsy of his frontal cortex by the CDC, so that anti bodies to his apocalyptic mind may be developed and utilized for the

inoculation of the entire first and second world populations. The prognosis may be grim people, but the good news is that if we act fast, there is still hope.

Sincerely,

A concerned Hampshire citizen

Is Mike Doyle the messiah?

The Answer may surprise you. The fact is that we as a society must perk up our eyes, ears, hearts, and minds, and give in to the majesty of his divinely cherubic visage. Who among us has been instructed in the ways of imitating golem, to find that where no talent had existed before, there was suddenly a miraculous explosion of precise mimicry? Shame on every single one of you who does not receive his seed, so that a master race, one quarter comprised of God's direct DNA, may rise up and lead the way through the new millennium and beyond.

Sincerely,

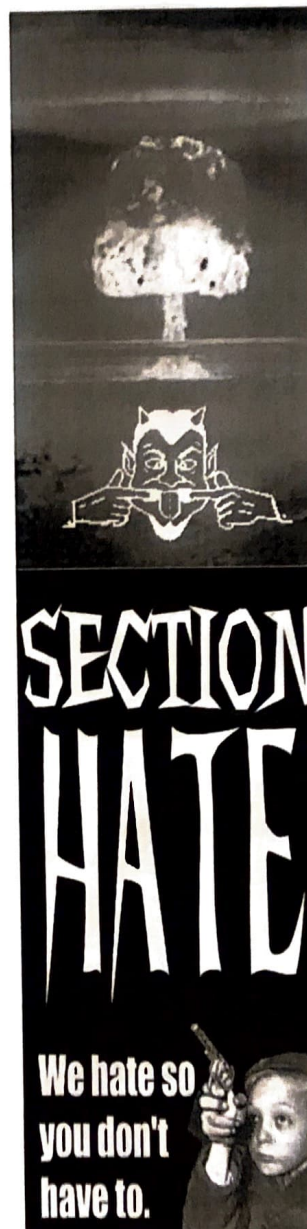
The 1st apostle and court jester of the Davidic Heir to the throne of Israel and the builder of the third temple

Dear Mike Doyle,

I can't believe what an asshole with delusions of grandeur and pathological narcissism you are to violate the cardinal rule of journalism and make the story about yourself. If I didn't have an overwhelming fear of vomiting, I would stick a finger down my throat to demonstrate just how sick you make me, and furthermore, how much contempt I have for myself, now that you've made me dignify your ramblings with attention and emotional investment.

Sincerely,

A self hating cesspool of moral outrage



a section by mike doyle

- Pissed Off -

OK, assholes. I don't like you, and you don't like me. But here it is. Nobody does or says anything funny in this piece of shit. All you do is bitch. Cigarettes are bad. Racism is bad. Fascism is bad.

I'm sorry... have we all gone fucking stupid? I'm pretty sure we figured this shit a good 3 decades ago. Did humans as a species exhaust all interesting things to talk about? OK, cigarettes are bad, racism is bad, and fascism is bad. Either shut up and do something amusing or fix the problem. And don't tell me it's a collective effort. Thomas Edison invented the light bulb, one man was the difference between doing stuff when it's dark, and a bunch of motherfuckers going to bed when it's 8 pm because they can't see. You can do it yourself.

I will concede that some things are a collective effort. After all, Thomas Edison couldn't have invented the light bulb if Ben Franklin didn't invent electricity. And did Ben Franklin need some bifocal wearin' motherfucker to invent something for him? No! He did it himself. And he was the FIRST bifocal wearin' motherfucker. His existence makes Thomas Edison kind of a pansy.

Even if he was a pansy, Thomas Edison got shit done. And what have YOU done? Absolutely fucking nothing. Two people got together and made lightbulbs and telegraphs and movie projectors, and all you sons of bitches know how to do is talk on your

cell phones, watch movies, and turn on a lightswitch. Every one of you dickheads is mooching off the great American heroes Tommy Edison and Ben "Jammin" Franklin.

"Every one of you dickheads is mooching off the great American heroes..."

You douchebags should be more like Benjamin Franklin or Thomas Edison.

Let's compare the accomplishments of these two guys and Hampshire College students...

Edison - Invented the light bulb
Hampshire Students - Got self-righteous about Wal-Mart

Results:

Edison -

-We can see in the dark.

-We can drive cars when it is night or raining

-Almost everything electronic uses light in some way.

Hampshire students -

-Now we can't take the bus to the mall, so it takes an hour and a half to make a 10 minute trip to get almost anything unless we want to spend a fortune at Atkins.

Franklin - The Declaration of Independence.

Hampshire Students - Banned Coca-Cola

Franklin -

-We live in a country where we do actually have freedoms. And yes, I will stand by that. Because in America, when you say we don't have freedom, you go to a liberal arts college. In any other country, the military fucking shoots you. Which of those two best describes you?

Hampshire Students -

-A select group of people imposed their will on my right to purchase a beverage. You fucking Nazis.

I wish I had an SUV so everytime I had to drive (instead of take a bus) to Wal-Mart (instead of the bookstore that used to carry Coke), I will be giving more money to oil companies. And oil companies are bad (Doyle, Mike, 'The Omen' 4th issue, 28th Volume, March 26, 2007).

You're all a bunch of corporate Pepsi schills.

Love,

Mike Doyle

Mike Doyle, Reigning Hampshire Idol.

SECTION
SPEAK

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

Who I Am

Can you believe the nerve she had saying I was not Dominican? As the words slipped her mouth, lightning clashed, birds flew away, and the fine china seemed to have crashed onto the ground. She genuinely couldn't grasp the fact that I was Dominican. It is in moments like these that I realize the number of people out there who are just clueless as to what traditions, customs, and family backgrounds truly signify. Everyday I have to deal with people who do not understand that there is such a thing as having more than one culture. I am Dominican, even though I haven't lived there in 17 years.

I was born in Santiago, the most important city after Santo Domingo, the capital of the Dominican Republic. Santiago is home to delectable and irresistible food, the most important medical center in the north of the country, and last, but certainly not least, my father's family. It was not my fault my father fell in love with a stunning Puerto Rican and decided to begin his life at her side. They finished college, got married, and just after I came along my father decided to move to Puerto Rico with my mother. Even though I've lived most of my life in Puerto Rico, summer visits to my beautiful island, constant telephone calls, and eternal photo shoots to send the pictures to my aunts and grandmother were essential as I grew up.

I am proudly able to say that there is nothing better than beginning a day eating *mangú* (crushed plantain) with *queso frito* (fried cheese), and a bit

of *refresco rojo* (red soda), then taking a stroll around the Monument to the Heroes of the Restoration, and later going to your grandparents house to listen to some *bachata rosa* while dancing the night away. It's true I've only had this experience a couple of times through out my whole life time; yet those few times were enough to last forever in my memory. The music, dance, and culture were embedded in me ever since I can remember. I am a full fledge Dominican- I even have a passport to prove it.

I was venting my frustrations with a friend one evening, telling her about how people didn't get that my family background shapes part of my being. Then suddenly, out of the blue, she said: "I know what you mean. People forget that it's your blood that counts, the rest is B.S. You're not Puerto Rican, you're definitely Dominican." ...Can you believe the nerve she had saying I was not Puerto Rican? The teapot steamed, the coffee spilled, and my eyes got as wide as two huge plates.

I could not believe she truly thought Puerto Rico was not a part of me. I've lived there most of my life! How could it *not* be a part of me? I can tell you anything you want about Puerto Rico. On the 19th of November, 1493, Christopher Columbus discovered my beautiful island. We were a colony of Spain until July 25th, 1898, when the United States invaded the island. In December of that same year we were proclaimed a colony of the United States. In March 1953, we became an '*Estado Libre Asociado*,' a Freely Associated State, which is

[by Akira Cespedes Perez]

ironic considering we are not free, we are not truly associated, and we are certainly not a state. Shortly after, on November 27th of that same year, the United Nations Organization decided to reclassify us. Since we weren't "non-self governing," we had the criteria to officially become a territory of the United States. For those of you who don't know, the word territory is a mere euphemism for colony... we are still property of the United States.

Puerto Rico is a small island with a colossal ego. We are the biggest thing around, even if we are only 35 by 100 miles wide. I grew up surrounded by the anecdotes and accounts of what happened and what is currently happening. I was raised there, I was surrounded by it. The history, the culture, is embedded in me. I am Puerto Rican.

I was complaining to a friend one night about the number of people that didn't understand that me living in Puerto Rico meant I was also Puerto Rican. All of the sudden he said: "What you are saying is completely understandable. Thank God you're not American, you don't have to deal with people who don't get the melting pot in the US." ...Can you believe the nerve he had saying I was not American? The music stopped playing, my blood pressure went up, and you could almost hear nails scratching a chalk board.

First of all, being American implies you're from America. Go look at a map right now. You will see that America is what is also known as 'The New World.' It is divided into North, Central, and South America. If you are an American, you are from America, not necessarily from the

United States. That being said, if being an immigrant prevents me from being an American from the United States, I just want to put out there that most of the United States' population is immigrant. Some immigrated a couple of days ago, other some hundred years ago. The only true natives to this land are Native Americans, which today are considered a minority.

In addition to being an American because I am from America, I am just

"...Can you believe the nerve he had saying I was not American? The music stopped playing, my blood pressure went up, and you could almost hear nails scratching a chalk board."

a part of the United States as anybody is in this room. I've paid my dues, I've learned the language, I've learned the history, and I've even embraced the culture. I live in Massachusetts, one of the original 13 states that comprised the United States in 1776. If there's a state that is truly American, it's Massachusetts. *Just because I sometime chipk with a fancy accent* does not mean I'm not from here. I go to college here. My future depends on the actions I take and the decisions I make while I am here. Everything around me is shaping me... I am American. Even my passport says so! And if you were wondering, yes- I have dual citizenship. There's no such

thing as a Puerto Rican citizenship, so my American citizenship clarifies that not only am I from Puerto Rico, I am also from the United States.

It is getting tiresome every time I have to explain that there is more than just one aspect that forms what my culture is and who I truly am. Stop restraining me to one culture. Do not cage me into what you think I ought to be. Let me be myself... let me be free. The Dominican anthem states very clearly:

"...Y es su lema: a ser libre o a morir..."

It is our motto to be free or to die. I rather die than to be imprisoned in what people think my culture should be. Furthermore, the Puerto Rican Revolutionary anthem reminds us that:

"...Nosotros queremos la libertad, Nuestros machetes nos la darán..."

We want freedom, and our machetes, our knives, will give it to us. I will fight until I am free. I will fight until I am not caged in a norm. Even the American anthem cues us:

"...O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave..."

It is here, where we are all free, that we mustn't fit each other into a standard. Here the brave can proudly say who they are, without reproach.

No, I will not deny that which makes up my whole. I will not deny who I was, who I am, and who I'm bound to become. Born in the Dominican Republic, raised in Puerto Rico, and living in the United States, I can wave me three flags proudly as the sun comes up in the horizon. I am culture and history embodied in one, a mixture of past, history, and experiences that make the real Dominican, the real Puerto Rican, and the real American. I... am me.



More Letters to Mike Doyle

(continued from page 4)

Dear Mike,
Reading your article, I can only wonder one thing:

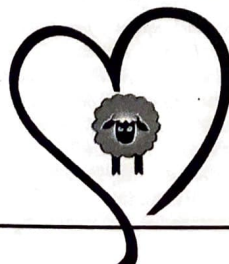
Well, make that two things-
What do you look like naked and what would it feel like to have you inside me?

Truth be told, once I read your incredibly articulate treatise on your desperate need for attention, combined with stalking you on facebook, so I could see what you look like and get to know you a little bit better, I just fell legs over shoulders in anticipation of your impassioned thrusts.

Sincerely,
Your biggest fan!!
P.S. Tell this Daniel Inkeles that you have listed as your pookie that I will claw his heart out for the right to your loins...grrrrrr

Dear Mike Doyle,
Bring back the beard and then we'll talk about legitimizing your words with any kind of acknowledgement.

Sincerely,
A firm believer in the power of facial hair to make boring losers relevant



Response to the Proposal by Mr. Abraham Adams

Setting: OMEN office. Much weeping and gnashing of teeth from CHORUS. JACOB stands stage right, holding the latest OMEN issue. Room is covered in the evidence of JACOB'S constant jerking off.

JACOB: See here, peons! I have done it again!
Articles compromised by juxtaposition
Mean the message of the plebs will be lost!

CHORUS: Once great king of all, soon you will fall
See how the Fates begin to conspire
To set you ablaze on a righteous pyre
What goes up must come down
The rock always rolls down the hill in the end

JACOB: Nothing can stop my power! The campus is in ruins!
I have pitted brother against brother, sister against cousin
Landlord against tenant, News anchor against reporter...
Forsooth! What is that I hear from the heavens?

ABRAHAM ADAMS, deity of wit and inspiration, swoops in from stage left.

ADAMS: Hear me! For you are beyond help!
The Gods have spoken, you will be removed
And they have sent me to rule in your place.
For I am intelligent and make mighty joke
About your love of hyperbolic abuse!
I'm a fucking God of intelligence.
If you don't see my worth
Then I shall smite you!

CHORUS:
Oh ABRAHAM ADAMS! Our Hero!
He has saved us from JACOB'S Tyranny
The Gods have set everything right.

Dear Mr. Adams,
The OMEN does not condone the use of Deus Ex Machina. It's a cheap device, much like hyperbole, and the God on the crane is rarely as competent as he thought he was before he was hoisted up. If you would like to help improve the quality of the OMEN, I encourage you to join the staff next year. Otherwise, start your own goddamn publication.

Love,
Abby Ohlheiser



What the Omen is and is Not

[by Leila Higgins]

In response to Mr. Adam's challenge I am writing to the Omen which is a publication to which I used to be a (fairly) loyal writer before college ate me. I have followed and loved the Omen for four years. Sometimes the stuff in it is drivel and other times it's rather inflammatory. But the Omen has always stayed true to its purpose. It is not a literary journal, nor is it a newspaper. It is a place for your words, your thoughts, and it is what you make it. The Omen has always been full of nasty or silly things, no matter who the editor is. The Omen is made up entirely of what YOU submit to it. I happen to think it would be a credit to this academic institution if we could have a forum for reasonable, intelligent debate. The Omen could be this if you submitted such pieces.

I would love to pick up in the post office a publication filled with student commentary on administrative decisions made by Hampshire, thoughts

analyzing actions taken by congress, and a spirited discussion of the politics in Darfur. If the Omen has not become this we will not have such a forum. The Omen will print anything and everything you submit. If you submit pages of "Cat Fancy" but for huge underwater creatures, that is what it will become. If you dare to submit a well-thought out constructive piece on the new abortion laws congress has passed, someone might feel they gained something by reading the Omen other than mayhaps a little laugh.

I'm not sure what to expect from the populace of Hampshire. I have heard intelligent discussions on a range of interesting topics, I have read live-journal entries and wished they were more public so as to facilitate a campus-wide discussion of the material. I know we are capable of higher thought, but when the editor tries to encourage this they (and I am speaking of four years of editors, not just our current Mr. Lefton) are either ignored or resort to inflammatory editorials that, as you are all still bitching about it, means at least something got to you.

My point is, if you do not like what the Omen is, it is not up to the editor to change it. The Omen is not what the editor makes it. If it was they would not print everything they were submitted, they would edit for far more than grammar, and the completely open forum for free speech that the Omen is would cease to be available on this campus. We have this amazing resource which can be used for whatever we choose. It can have comics, articles on Israel and Palestine, and ramblings from Mike Doyle. The Omen is only what we make it, nothing more and nothing less. I am leaving in three weeks. What happens to this publication is up to you, the reader and writer. That is the wonder and detriment of the Omen. If you don't like it, you have the utmost power to change it.

Angarita-Horowitz, Diego
Arch, Jenny
Blackwell, Sarah
Casson, Ellie
Clark, Michele
Clark, Peter
Cochrane, Cory
Cockrell, Ary
Cook, Allison
D'Agostino, Steven
Eng, Sokchea
Ewing, Valerie
Fanning, Jonathan
Fermoso, Edward
Figura, Stephen
Fuentes, José



An Open Letter to Abraham Adams

[by Dan Cottle]

I think there is only one response that I can make to your open letter to Jacob Lefton. It is a point that has been made (I thought) to ample extent in the pages of The Omen itself. That point is: The Omen is you!

You could take over editing The Omen so that it'd would suit what you view as its role on campus. I'm not sure what that role consists of, though you do hint at some possible whale breeding coverage which sounds quite fun. But in order to make The Omen what you want it to be, you really don't have to go to all that trouble. You can just round up your friends and write whatever you want every two weeks, and you would have successfully hijacked The Omen. No coup d'etat necessary!

In a publication whose formula is as simple as "print everything that is submitted," there is no reason to complain that you don't like what you see. Furthermore, I believe you are attributing much more power to Jacob than he actually holds. Jacob attends all the meetings and collects and organizes submissions to be published. For this effort he gets an article on the front page of each issue, but he'd be the first to tell you that that place holds no more intrinsic esteem than any other page in the magazine.

If you really dislike his articles enough that the concept of publishing your own alongside his seems extremely distasteful to you, you are free to publish your own zine and retain full editorial

control. The zine collective will give you money and resources and you can print whatever you deem worthy. The Omen is committed to printing anything and everything. As far as I am concerned, it should stay that way.

Sincerely,

Daniel J. Cottle

Note: This article was conceived and written entirely separately from that of Leila Higgins. I believe that the fact that two students who don't know each other and do not run in the same circle of friends for the most part, would write two different articles with almost the exact same content is good evidence that many students are in accord on this issue.



Response to Abraham Adams

Dear Omen readers,

In this past week's issue of the Omen, Abraham Adams expressed his displeasure with Jacob Lefton and the Omen in general. He proposed that Jacob turn the Omen over to him, and said (taken word for word) "If anybody (a single person, excluding you under a pseudonym) thinks this is a bad idea and cares enough to write in, I think you are entitled to keep it."

And so, I'm writing in. My name is Rachel Rakov. I'm a third year. I submit to the Omen when I've had the time to write something. And I am of the opinion that Jacob does a

really fantastic job running the Omen. Now, this doesn't mean I agree with everything he's written or everything he's published, but I have seen first handed how much work he puts into this publication, and it's impressive. A lot of time and effort goes into this publication. I wonder if Abraham Adams has any idea how much work it is, being the editor of this paper. Maybe he's done his research before writing in. I hope he has. If he hasn't, I'd invite him to come to an Omen layout meeting.

And really, that's my piece. I think Jacob does an excellent job running

the Omen, and so I'm writing in to say so. I'm very open to dialogue, and if you're curious to specific reasons why I think so, I'd be happy to hear from you. My post office box is 1335, and I'm easy enough to locate in other ways if sending me hand written mail doesn't work for you. I hope that everyone understands that nothing I've said here is written with any sort of malicious intent. Simply, I'm expressing my own opinion, because Abraham Adams asked for it. I hope that everyone has a fantastic day, and I hope that the end of the semester is treating everyone well.

Rachel Rakov



2007 Hampshire College Ingenuity Award Winners

Angarita-Horowitz, Diego
Arch, Jenny
Blackwell, Sarah
Casson, Ellie
Clark, Michele
Clark, Peter
Cochrane, Cory
Cockrell, Ary
Cook, Allison
D'Agostino, Steven
Eng, Sokchea
Ewing, Valerie
Fanning, Jonathan
Fermoso, Edward
Figura, Stephen
Fuentes, José

Gedeon, Lani
Goldberg, Sharon
Gordon-Loeb, Ana
Gargurevich-Gorman, Erin
Gray, Peter
Greenberg, Anna
Grody-Patinkin, Gideon
Gross, Rachel
Hamad, Hannah
Harkness, Sam
Hussain, Sumana
Irons, Lydia
Kennedy, Jorie
Mayers, Siena
McLeod, Molly
Metzger-Traber, Julia

Murphy, Johnna
Niven, Gwen
Pressman, Ariel
Raidoo, Tamara
Richardson, Terrell
Rohrer, Katie
Sacks, Benjamin
Sampson, Brittney
Singer, Rachael
Smith, Juliet
Stine, Jasmine
Tallon-Hicks, Yana
Wender, Benjamin
Williams, Coire
Wilton, Katelin

[Submitted by Josiah Litant]

The Ingenuity Award: Hampshire thrives and grows on the energy, dedication and determination of our students. The Ingenuity Awards seek to appreciate students who work to improve our community through their active involvement with campus organizations, student governance, and the college in general.

Award Criteria: Any currently enrolled student who was not a recipient of an Ingenuity Award in the previous award cycle can be a candidate. Our selection committee is looking to choose 50 individuals who have demonstrated outstanding efforts and accomplishments that have contributed positively to the college. This includes, but is not limited to, students involved with campus organizations, individuals who devote time to planning activities that enrich our community, and those who have demonstrated exemplary leadership through academic means or community service.



Some Distance Away He Spotted The Beast He Wanted

Thank You to Spam Mail For This Epic Poem

This info is free
accessible from anywhere.
Bartholomeich's sensitive nature
was satisfied
with the adequate reward.
The result
was that he could gain altitude
more or less at will.
That is the bare minimum
required to execute a call
to the method hither.

You don't want to meddle
in Aes Sedai affairs.
You see,
he'd just invented magic.

Some have suggested
that oral administration
of niacin (nicotinic acid, vitamin B3)
could be useful
to end the LSD user's experience
of a "bad trip".

No, dear love,
I am glad of it.
Here,
at the hottest times,
in front of a dense thicket,
a shepherd and his flock
sleep
in the cool shade
and
in rose bushes
gentle zephyrs sleep.



Facts About Water

Facts about Water
By
Carrie Strimbeck
Transcribed by
Shalin Scupham

Water.

It is one of the most important
substances in the world. Yet even so
there is so few that we know about it.

- Is it wet?
- What color is it?
- What is its chemical makeup?

One thing that is known about
water that all though of its life-giving
properties, it is **EXTREMELY**
dangerous. Water can drown you or
your pet if you can breathe it. It can

knock down your house, it can even
squirt you in the eye!

But despite these, it cannot be
stressed enough how important is light
to water life on earth.

Without water,

-Things can be dry

-Also

-There would be nothing to drink

-Except for Gatorade.

We'd have to poop in the
forest. Yes. Without water, there
would also be nothing to flush in to
the toilet, or to take a shower in, or the
many other things that are important
to hygiene.

Ralph Wlodo Emerson, the
famous poet, once wrote this poem
about water.

Water

Water,

It is wet

But not too wet

Neither is it not wet enough

It is just right.

That

My conclusion about water, is
that is it has its positive sites and its
negative sides



Feminism At Hampshire College

Approximately two months ago,
a student group called the Feminist
United Collective was formed. In the
past eight weeks, we have encountered
both confusion over what it means to
be a feminist, and opposition for calling
ourselves such.

Part of our original mission
statement was to encourage discourse
around Feminist issues, and provide
clarity over what it means to be a feminist.
We feel that we have let that part of our
mission fall away. It seems that the word
'feminist' has created anxiety in a lot
of students on campus. We don't seek
to deny that words are powerful, and
that 'feminist' is one of those words.
However: If tolerant, educated, and
socially active students of Hampshire,
many of whom already work tirelessly
for groups without a voice, who study
the history of subjugation and power in
America, and whom have more often
that not personally felt victimized by
a culture which seeks to exclude and
deride... if these same students are
still intimidated by a word and the
ideas behind it, then we feel there is a
problem.

Therefore, the F.U.C. seeks to give
Hampshire Campus a working definition
of what feminism is, to us, and what we
aim to define it as. We acknowledge that
this is a working definition, and in light
of that, encourage readers to engage
in discussions about how to redefine
feminism, so we can continue to grow
and learn from one another.

Feminism is fighting against
all forms of unwanted oppression
practiced against women, whether
that be economic, social, professional,

public, private, sexualized, academic,
medical, or legal. It is fighting for the
equal representation and respect of
women's needs, concerns, and voices
within society. There are many forms
of oppression, and all who fight them
are worthy of support. But to deny that
there is a problem, or to be consciously
ignorant, directly contributes to that
very problem. Moreover, to reinforce a
conceptualization of **any** equal rights
movement being limited, exclusive, or
otherwise, is to give a hegemonic society
additional power.

The only way that 'feminism'
can be reclaimed is if students on this
campus stop trying to disengage from
a movement which originally sought
to be about positivity and equality. If
you dislike inequality, if you respect
and support women, if you yourself
fight for a group which is unequal due
to an unbalanced society, then you
understand the desire to be equal - not
advantaged, not favored, but *equal*.

Feminism does not seek to raise
itself above anyone else. It's not looking
for advantage over others, or to make
itself the single most important issue.
Feminism might fight hard for attention,
but never at a cost to someone else.
Feminism does not seek to label your
gender, your sexuality, or your body. We
will not ask you to be female-bodied, by
birth, by choice, or by identification.
It will not ask you to be female at all,
because the goals of feminism are
not in contrast with the goals of any
other gender, sexuality, or body. To
be male and to be a feminist is not a
contradiction, just as having a Women's
Center with male-identified students in
it does not negate the space's safety. As

long as you are a person who respects
the space and its occupants, you are
welcome in it.

Feminism is not about asking you
to give up part of your identity, be it
your religion, sexual orientation, or
your race. Feminism does not want to
ask you to abandon any part of who
you are. You can be a woman and be
a Pagan, male-bodied, Jewish, Muslim,
Latina, Portuguese, German, Baha'i,
Korean (and ANY other identity you
may have)...being both a woman and
another identity do not necessarily
dictate mutual exclusivity. If you
encounter resistance against existing
simultaneously in multiple identities,
we hope that resistance will never come
from feminism.

Perhaps you feel as though feminism
has been redefined by our culture to
mean something derogatory and dirty.
Or maybe, you believe that feminism
is a privileged movement, co-opted
by white wealthy women. In this case,
we seek to reclaim feminism, and the
ideas behind it, to encompass those of
every shape, race, culture, social strata,
gender, and sexuality.

We are taught to be aware of
oppression against women as one of
the many forms of oppression. As a
feminist group at Hampshire, we seek
to **support** all other groups struggling
to be validated and equal, and to ensure
their rights, as well as our own.

The Feminist United Collective
wants to engage in open dialogue about
what it means to be a feminist. If you
are interested in voicing your opinion we
encourage readers to email
us at reg04@hampshire.edu
and rab04@hampshire.edu.



A Pulpy Mess

Hey Mike Doyle:

I haven't written anything for the Omen in awhile. I used to write about myself, but...my life just isn't as exciting as the stuff you read in detective novels. So, with that in mind, plus someone suggested it was about time the Omen had some erotica, plus it's spring and I'm horny as fuck, I give you this. I don't really care about you. I don't really like you. Fuck you, Mike Doyle.

Anyhoo. Porn, my treat. Stay safe. Or enjoy the festival.

"Fuck me."

"Hm?"

"Oh, Fuck. Me. Three o'clock."

Harry did a slow turn on his barstool in the direction his buddy Dave indicated

"Oh."

She was a looker. A fiery little thing, with curves in all the right places, and a red dress that knew just how to cling to her. Her eyes were heavy lidded in a way that made her look like she was sleepy and sultry—and a whole lot of trouble.

Harry said it again: "Damn."

It had been a slow night at Eddie's up till then. Eddie's was the bar and dance club the two men passed their time at every Saturday night. A gritty place marked by a giant neon outline of a woman with a terrific flashing pink pair. Eddie's was never a good place to meet a nice girl. But it wasn't nice girls Dave and Harry were looking to meet. So most nights, they did okay.

Dave did better. At 6'1", he stood a good four inches taller than Harry. There

wasn't a trace of a beard on him, and his chest was just as smooth. He was lean and long, and the girls loved that. But most of all, Dave had game. He knew how to approach girls, how to get them licking his fingers like kittens. It was a rare night when Dave went home alone.

Harry was built like a boxer. He was thick and hard, body and head. There was certainly hair on his chest, and a little—just a little—don his back too. He had a hard-working, American Hero look to him, aside from the deep scar running down his left cheek. He'd been through a few things, and he could handle himself in most any situation—except when talking to women.

So when she walked into Eddie's that night, the woman in the red dress, Harry took a good, long look at her, and he turned back around on his barstool.

"I'm gonna go say hello," Dave said, and he slid off into the crowd.

Women like that made Harry's blood boil. He wanted them, he wanted to touch and smell and taste them, and he never could. It was like putting gourmet cooking before a starving man and at the moment, Harry hated that woman in the red dress, precisely because she was beautiful. How dare she be so soft and smooth, and him never getting to touch her.

But what was this? Dave, sheepish, back on his barstool.

"I offered to buy her a drink, she said she could afford her own."

"She said that?"

"Yeah. Crazy bitch. Passed up a free

drink."

"Free" was a matter of opinion. That free drink included several hours of conversation with Dave, and possibly another girl or two as well, followed by repeated requests to join him—or them—at his "pad." The woman in the red dress had passed that up? Harry found himself liking her better.

"I'm gonna go dance," Dave muttered. Five minutes later and Harry could see him with a blonde co-ed draped all over his arms. Dave was a little old for college girls, they both were, but Dave didn't look it, so he got away with it.

Harry sat at the bar for awhile, nursing his whiskey, wondering what kind of thing you could say to a woman like that. Wondering if she was even still here—he didn't see her anywhere.

But on his way back from passing his whiskey in the men's room, there she was. In the darkest booth Eddie's had, way in the back. Still by herself. Drinking something dark and maybe dangerous—none of that sugary, fruity shit those college girls seemed to fond of.

"Hey," Harry grunted.

"Hello," she said.

"So uh," he cleared his throat, "So uh, why didn't you want a drink from my friend Dave?"

"Your friend Dave didn't interest me," she said.

That was forward.

"Didn't interest you?"

"Your friend Dave is a skinny, hairless little boy. I only accept drinks from men."

"Huh. Well, I—huh, I—"

"And don't bother offering to buy me one now. I'm finished for the night."

She set her glass down and slipped out of the booth and past him. Like an utter caveman, the only move Harry could think of was to grab her around the waist and pull her back to him.

Turned out, that move was the right one.

"Well..." purred the woman. They looked at one another, Harry still holding onto her like that. She looked up and down him, and he looked up and down her. They both liked what they were looking at.

"Come on," he grunted, nodding his head to a door on the side of the dance floor. It was getting late by then; the rest of the dancers were too drunk and feeling one another up to notice that the prettiest woman in the place was leaving.

"Where're you taking me, the janitor's closet?" the woman teased. Harry didn't answer. Through the door was no closet, but a stairway, and he knew just where it went.

"The roof?"

The roof indeed. He and Dave had been up there a few times before, when the place got too crowded and sweaty for them. The roof was mainly for the bar staff's smoke breaks, but the bartender didn't mind Dave and Harry, and if he'd noticed them on the roof once in awhile, he didn't say anything. Anyway, most nights this time, the place was long emptied, the staff getting down to its skeleton crew, everyone about ready to head home.

Harry was pleased to see this was the case tonight.

"Not so bad up here," observed the

woman. She wandered over to the edge, placing one delicate pale hand against the wall. "Nice moon, too." She raised her heavy eyes skyward, her hair fluttering a little like a girl in a French film.

If she was looking for old-fashioned romancing, Harry thought, tonight was not her night.

He grabbed her from behind and swung her around to face him, attacking her neck like a vampire from a 1950s drive-in. Fortunately, she seemed to like it.

"I was almost afraid you brought me up here to look at the stars," she laughed.

Harry took her head in his two paw-like hands and pulled her face to his. Keeping their lips attached, his hands made the slow trek down her body, pausing to admire her shoulders, her breasts, her hips, and then slide their way beneath her dress and up her legs.

It had been a long time since he'd had a woman. Too long. And that last one a stripper from his trip to Vegas with Dave. Not an attractive stripper at that. Never, never had he hoped to be so lucky as to find himself with a woman like this. A body like this. A face like this. All conscious thought evaporated and he went on instinct alone.

He slid her body down the wall, cool concrete against hot skin. She melted beneath him, liquid velvet. And he slid above her, his body moving rhythmically up and down. And now her dress was sliding up, his hands on her firm legs, and now the dress was off, and her hands were moving deftly, knowingly down the buttons of his shirt, and that was off too, and it was skin against skin, and Harry—well Harry just couldn't get enough of it.

But then—what was this—she pulled

away from him.

"Say," she said, "you wouldn't mind if I—"

"Yeah?"

"You wouldn't mind if I took a little more control?"

Well. Well that was something.

"What exactly do ya mean?" Harry asked.

She slipped out from beneath him and stood up. Without the dress, everything she had on was black. Black and lace. And tall shiny heels. Jesus—without them, she might not even have been five feet tall. But from where he was lying on the ground, she looked plenty tall to Harry.

Snap!

"Where the hell did that come from?"

She'd pulled a whip out of nowhere—well, actually, the little black purse lying next to her dress.

She'd pulled out a set of handcuffs as well. Straddling him, she chained him to a rusting metal pipe coming out of the wall behind his head.

"Uh..." Harry wasn't sure what to think of this.

"Come on, it'll be fun," she whispered, hot breath in his ear. Cool metal on his wrists. This was certainly not the way Harry had imagined the evening going. But then, he hadn't expected to end up with this woman at all. She slipped a silk scarf over his eyes and tied it tightly. Harry decided to stop thinking so much.

One by one the articles of clothing slipped off. She was kind enough to slide his shirt and pants beneath him to provide a kind of blanket, but the cool of the concrete seeped through, and Harry shivered.

"Shhhh," she breathed hot air in his ear. "Shhhh." Alternating between breath and tongue, she made her way down his body. Hot breath of air, wet flick of tongue. Over and over till Harry thought he was gonna go crazy. He groaned, and she laughed at him.

He heard a rustle and something small and lacey fell to his face, followed by another. Her bra. Her panties. Smelled like pine, and cloves, and maybe just a little black pepper. Made him think of being a kid, camping out in the woods with his dad—but only for a minute.

She was going down on him. She was naked and he couldn't see her, but she was going down on him. And god did it feel good. He hadn't known women's mouths could move like that. Harry found himself fighting not to blow it all right then. She was really working him. Up and down, firm, steady. God, this was good. This was exactly what he needed.

Finally she backed off. She slid that silk skin of hers up against his, bringing their faces close. He tried to kiss her, but she kept teasing, kept pulling away. Harry was so focused on the kissing, he wasn't thinking about all the other parts of himself, so it came as a bit of a shock when she slid herself right down on top of him.

"Damn," she moaned.

Damn was right. Something this good had to be wrong. Didn't matter, if there was a hell, Harry'd been damned there long time ago. Besides, this was worth going to hell for.

She was moving slowly, up and down. Riding him. And goddammit, he couldn't see her. Harry'd had enough of that. The bondage was fun, but now he wanted a little more control. With one giant thrust,

he wrenched the handcuffs in half, and pulled the blindfold from his eyes.

The woman's eyes registered surprise. "Didn't think I had it in me?" Harry teased. "And you talking so big about only going for real men."

The woman had to smile back at that one. Harry lifted her off him and tossed her to the ground. There. Now he was on top. Nice place to be. He pulled her hands above her head and held them there, savagely biting and kissing his way up and down her neck. She was shivering—from passion or cold he couldn't tell, and didn't care. He thrust his way back into her again, in and out, hard, and she liked it. Her whole body was shaking, wracked with spasms beyond her control. Harry wasn't feeling so bad himself. For a short guy, he had more than enough length below the belt. And this broad, she had a good feel to her as well. Like they were built for each other, it felt like.

He buried his head in her breasts, which only made her heave harder. The

concrete didn't matter anymore, they were way beyond that. He let her arms go and her hands flew to his back, gripping it hard enough to draw blood, which he'd only notice the next morning, in its dried cat-claw streaks. He focused on first one nipple and then the other, playfully licking and sucking, and then biting down. All the while their hips were moving together to that drumbeat rhythm that just kept getting faster.

She came before he did. It surprised him so much, all he could do was follow suit. She was loud, just like a cat, and he was loud too. He collapsed on her, both of them panting heavily, their bodies drenched in sweat, night air tingling on wet skin.

"Fuck," she said.

"Yeah," he agreed.

He felt a very familiar sensation below the waist. He looked down and he grinned.

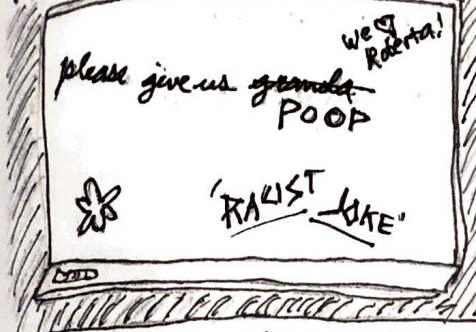
"Wanna go again?"

THIS SPACE IS FOR YOU, THE READER.

YAY, FREE DOM!



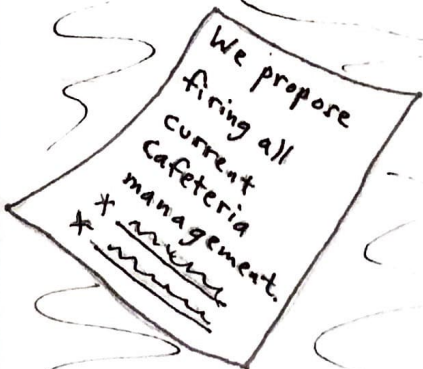
(cafeteria whiteboard)



(some are quite upset, rightfully so)



(Student's reaction)



"Views in the Omen" "Do not necessarily reflect the staff's views"

COVER.

Ideas:

Printstock.

Fake
Real

paper
Paper

OK

Letters? Numbers?

HAVE MEETING ABOUT THE COVER.

Some kind of toy attached to the back
COVER!

TITLE IDEA: The "O" in "OMEN"
conceals a spout that shoots water
at unsuspecting reader.

LOGOS

THE ONE

THE N

00000

MEN

[illegible]

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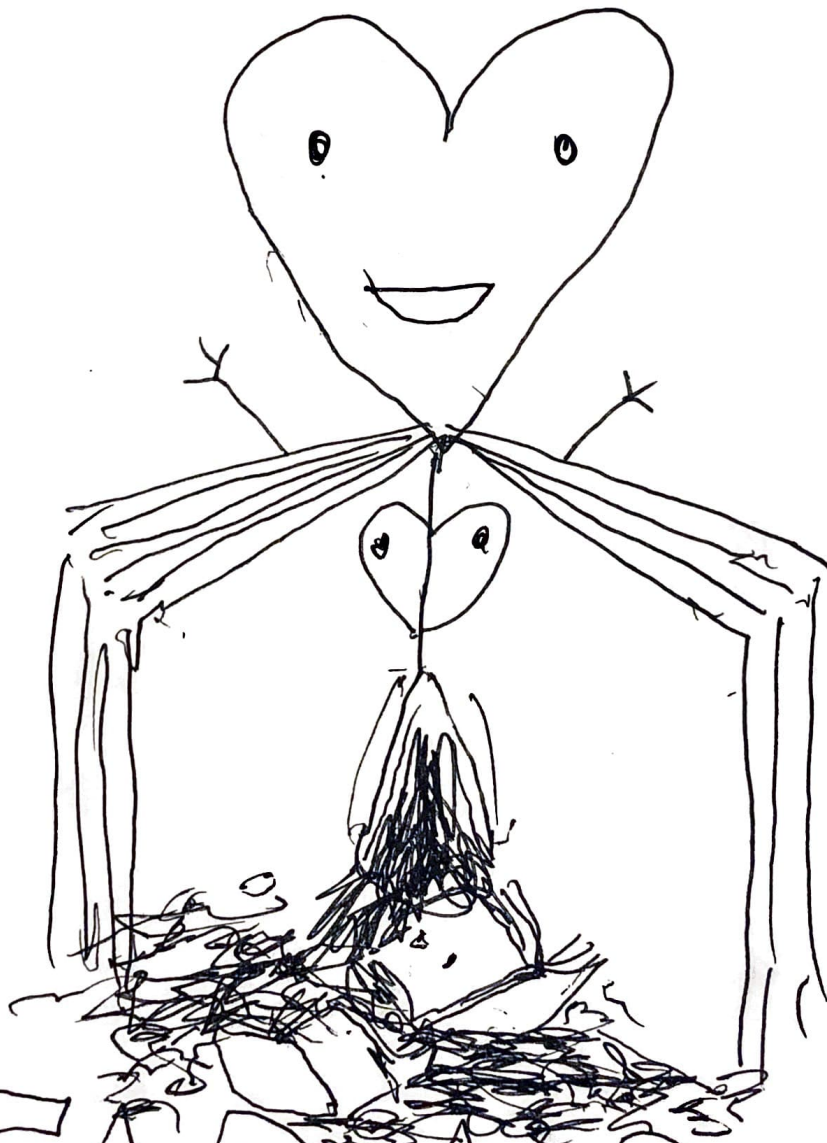
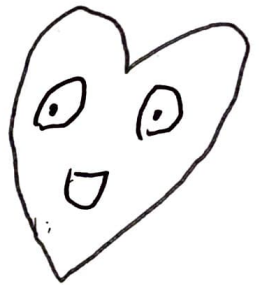
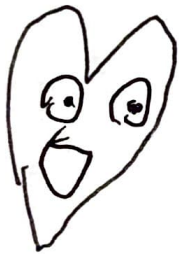
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